

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

This Paper is Devoted Especially to the Interests of the Farming Class.

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
21st Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
21st Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r's Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, Amos Barlow, Geo. Baxter, Geo. P. Moore.)
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas Cook, Edray—W. H. Grose, Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore—G. R. Curry, Academy—Thos Bruffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Marlinton, West Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. DREW PRICE,

Attorney-at-law,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year. The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.

has located at

FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

D. RICHARD WILLIAMS,

Hightown, Va

Highland Co.

Will be at Travelers Repose twice a week.

M. F. GIESEY

Architect and

Superintendent.

Room, 19, Kelly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

A DAY'S OUTING.

A party went to Elk, last week, with no other object in view than to know all about the woods and waters and fish of that famous region. Those composing the party were Misses Mionie Austin, Addie Austin, Anna McLaughlin, Lula McLaughlin, of Lewisburg, and Susie Price, and Allie McLaughlin with Messrs. A. M. McLaughlin, Calvin McLaughlin, Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, and the editor of this paper, forming the masculine element.

After enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Susan McLaughlin, the night of the 21st inst., where we were joined by Mr. Phil Renick, of Hinton, and Professor J. T. Rucker, of Lewisburg, who were going fishing down Elk, an early start was made to ascend two of the highest peaks in the neighborhood, with Mr. A. M. McLaughlin in command.

Horses, on Elk, seemed to be no object that morning, as there seemed enough on hand to have equipped a cavalry company, but saddles and bridles were not forthcoming so abundantly. The start was made with half enough horses, as it seemed, until it was discovered that there were seats for two on their broad backs, which wonderful discovery was made just about the time that walking had ceased to be a novelty.

As the cavalcade moved along, always going up, the various places of interesting association, that lie beside every path, were not wanting. Such as the apple tree under which Roggs had killed a big bear, or the meadow where "Old Uncle Wes" had killed the two deer that fell in a heap. The Moffat place, high upon the mountain, was reached, a beautiful grass farm of Mr. McLaughlin's. The high knob stood out over the Uncle Wes's Cabin. The ascent was made and from the top beautiful views lie on every hand. We had souls that could appreciate the beauties of nature, and exclamations burst from the lips of the enraptured throng, and "Magnificent!" "Entrancing!" "Glorious!" "Parenthetical!" "Ossified!" etc., etc., could be heard from all sides.

But far away to the north stood Gibson's Knob, apparently as far above us as we were above the rest of the world, and, whereas, there had been some doubt as to whether we had better make the second ascent that day, it vanished, and all were keen to have a try at the grim sentinel of West Pocahontas. The countersign of the corps was changed to the word "Excelsior!" and the second expedition was determined on.

Descending to where the lunch basket had been left, every one laid in a day's rations. Elk air, cold water, and mountain climbing self for—"vittles."

Some three miles of unsteady ascent lay before us, and it was discovered on coming out of the leafy arbor after lunch, that the "sun was full." Assurance was had, however, that the higher we went the cooler the air would be. We were, already, above the altitude of flies, but the bees were making a great noise in the trees overhead. Visions of finding a "bee tree," were present, until it was suggested that even should we find a bee tree, we had better leave the tree be, after which the fresh young member was below par.

After penetrating thickets on horseback until it seemed that you could neither go forward or back, and wading through great ferns as

high as a man's head, a path was found which led to the very foot of the highest point, where all left their horses, except Mr. McLaughlin, who stuck to his horse like an old ex Confederate cavalryman, and went up the side of the mountain like a flash of lightning, with three girls hanging to his horse's tail.

Gibson's Knob, the height of our ambition, is the third highest point in West Virginia, and ranks, also, as one of the highest points in the Appalachian Range. It is cleared entirely to the summit, and forms a striking contrast on this account to all other prominent peaks. The height, as given by the U. S. Geological Expedition, is about 5,600 feet above sea level. You look sheer down into the Clover Creek valley, and while there is some twenty acres of level land on the summit, you appreciate to some degree, the feelings of the gentleman who had to lie at full length on the ground, holding on to the grass, to get over the dizzy feeling. The action of the winds seen on the few stunted shrubs that stand on the sward. It is said that ten counties can be seen from this knob and Lexington, Va., near a hundred miles away, can be seen with a good glass. Though the day was very hot in the valley, it was quite cool at this elevation.

A great natural curiosity was found—a rock in which a root of a tree had once firmly embedded itself, leaving grooves where it had lain and its branches. A piece of the root, right at its main fork remained in a position as if it was too heavy to bring away.

Effort was made to plant our feet on the highest point, but where ever we went some other place would seem higher. Also, to our great chagrin, on looking at the point on which we had stood in the morning, it seemed to be at least a thousand feet higher than our present position. One realizes what the unattainable really is when he has climbed these two peaks in one day—or lived awhile.

Near the top we found a spring of "noble water," as we had been directed.

The descent was made without special incident, only each one got more and more tired, until all were assembled at the house of Mr. Jacob Moore enjoying a most magnificent supper. After eating, it was proposed that we take a second sized knob right opposite the house, which was backed up by the maxim of "what is home without another" anyway, but each gazed suspiciously at the others, and all drifted away to bed, a most completely done up lot of people.

The largest balloon in world has recently been built in England. Its capacity exceeds 100,000 cubic feet, and it will lift a ton in addition to its own weight 1 1/2 tons. It is a sphere with a diameter of 57.24 feet, and is enclosed by 120 gorges of silk, each 18 wide, and sewn together by four miles of stitching. One object in building the balloon has been to enable continuous observations to be made over six days without descending, and to enable this to be done, the bag is a double envelope of silk with a layer of varnish between, and uniting the two skins. The cost of construction has been \$12,500. The balloon made its maiden trip from the Crystal Palace grounds on Wednesday, February 21, and after remaining up for 4 hours in a comparative calm, descended at Horsham. It is proposed to undertake several scientific trips, after which it will be worked as a captive balloon.

STRANGE GODS.

Infidelism and agnosticism so fashionable the past twenty years are now about out, except with those who may be proud of old and castoff clothes.

The science of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and others of similar type and the arguments of Ingersol, have become threadbare and unfashionable.

Unless they be willing to spend their time and strength fighting the winds, Christians must meet theosophy and the religions of the East.

These religions have that phase of spirituality that pertains to the influence of mind over matter.—The inquiries now are most seriously considered in influential quarters: Is not the religion of Mohammed as good as that taught by Jesus?—Are not the teachings of Confucius as worthy of reliance as those of Christ?

In religion the spirit of the age tends to the mystical and this is to be met by the friends of Christ, whose religion is the very reverse of all that is mystical and merely sentimental. The unchristian mind is full of superstitious tendencies, and always ready in a marked degree to believe in the mysterious. The leading books of the period find their inspiration in spiritualism, theosophy, and hypnotism.

The strange religions of the East are seriously and much discussed by the progressive newspapers.—The cultured unchristian mind with its inherent superstition, is captivated by the weird mystical religions of the faraway Orient.—Contributed.

WEDDING BELLS.

Harrah for Knapp's Creek! Merry wedding bells were ringing on Wednesday, the 13th inst.

Mr. James C. Harper and Miss Myrtle Hannah were united in marriage at Frost by Rev. C. M. Fultz.

The attendants were Mr. Harry Patterson and Miss Effie Moore, Mr. C. S. McNulty and Miss Grace Harper, Mr. Bond Hannah and Miss Minnie Dever, and Mr. John A. Moore and Miss Bessie Hannah.

A short time before the marriage, a most excellent dinner was served by Mrs. E. M. Hannah, the bride's mother. The table was nicely arranged and well furnished with many choice things.

After dinner, at 1 o'clock p. m., the bride and groom entered the church, which had been neatly decorated for the occasion. A large number of people were present, a few of which had seen the frosts of many winters. Every eye was fixed on the bride and groom as they stood before the preacher. In a short time, they were pronounced man and wife. Immediately after retiring from the church, they received the congratulations of their many friends.

At five o'clock p. m., the bridal party arrived at the beautiful home of Mr. P. M. Harper where a most cordial reception was given.

About eighty persons took supper. The table was beautiful, being furnished with a great variety of good things; from turkey, well served, to the choicest cakes and candies. We observed that Revs. C. M. Fultz, C. M. Sarver, and Mr. Brown Moore ate heartily of the turkey, and also of other things in proportion. They certainly have good appetites on wedding occasions.

We are happy to say that we enjoyed ourselves hugely. Every per-

son present seemed to be happy. It has not been the privilege of the writer to witness a more enjoyable occasion.

On Thursday morning, the bride and groom, accompanied by Miss Grace Harper, started on a trip to Bedford City, Va., where they expect to remain one week with their uncle.

On their return they will visit Mr. Robert Prichard, at Healing Spring.

We not only wish them a safe journey on their bridal trip, but joy, peace and safety in the journey of life. HYMEN.

OBITUARY.

Vaughn Stanley Herold, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Herold, was born July 28, 1892, and died June 3rd, 1894, after three weeks of much suffering.

Young as he was he had manifested so much that was interesting as to make him especially endeared by his parents. A very large course attended his burial on the green hillside. With loving hands his little grave was beautifully decorated. In the funeral service, these words were emphasized for the solace of his sorrowing parents and sympathizing friends,

"Even so it is not the will of your father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18:14.

"And shall our bleeding hearts arraign That God whose ways are love, Or vainly cherish anxious pain For him who rests above? No! let us rather humbly pay Obedience to his will, And with our inmost spirits say, 'The Lord is righteous still.'"

Historical Scraps.

When Huntersville was burned during the war the raiding party numbering about four hundred proceeded to White's to ascertain the whereabouts of the Confederates.

Mr. Amariah Irvine living at that time on Knapp's Creek, near Sunset school house, was concealed in some timber overlooking the road near White's, or Herold's as it was then.

His wonderful vocal powers served a good purpose for it was evident from the orders given and the cheers and responses made that a large force of unseen soldiers were getting ready for a vigorous resistance. The Federals paused, faced about, and retired much more rapidly than they had advanced, and they did not seem easy in their minds until far out of hearing of the lone man's voice.

While General Averill was on his retreat from the disastrous affair at the White Sulphur, a detachment caught sight of Mr. Irvine near the Lockridge ford, now Driscoll, and started to capture him.

The pursuit was close and hot, but Mr. Irvine upon crossing the deep ravine opposite the Cleek farm, and finding himself concealed from his pursuers by the intervening bank, dismounted, and in stentorian tones began giving orders to tear up the bridge.

The troopers hearing the racket of voices and the falling timbers halted before reaching the summit and went back as quickly as they came believing themselves in danger of capture by superior numbers.

Mr. Irvine waited awhile and hearing nothing of the cavalry cautiously took observations from a safe distance, and finding the enemy in retreat, was much elated over his victory, and the hills resounded with his cheers.

He rode up the Creek and issued his proclamation to the citizens to rest quietly at their homes as no Yankees would ever come up the Creek while he was around.